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the latter, in respect of noble fulness of form and stately and shapely beauty of build ; who considers Byron's Vision of Judgment the final perfection of his satirical powers ; and who is forced to admit Dante and Milton to be less great poets than Homer and Æschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare, inasmuch as these latter had the decency to keep "the very skirts of their thought, the very hem of their garments, clean from the pollution of this pestilence," by which polite epithet is intended "the most hateful creed in all history," namely, the Christian ? Such folly (and of such the book is full) is only made to appear more foolish by the eloquent and musical language in which it is often clothed.

Mr. Swinburne has written some magnificent and many fine verses ; he has written, too, much sound and fury, signifying nothing ; and he has also sung forgotten monstrosities of vice in words which by their very extravagance happily fail to convey any adequate idea of the vileness of the imagination which suggests them. It is painful to see that among his various styles he steadily tends to refuse the good and choose the evil, and seems ambitious to live in the memory of man rather as a foul-mouthed and foul-minded lunatic than as a poet ; as author of the Essays and the Anactoria, rather than of the Atalanta in Calydon.

A comparison of these two volumes of essays can hardly be attempted ; the criticisms of the American poet are calm, well-bred, scholarly, and reasonable, even if the reasons are not always convincing ; those of the English can only be likened to the utterances of what he himself would prettily call "a blatant Bassarid." On the whole we prefer our countryman.

"T is wiser being good than bad,
"T is safer being meek than fierce,
"T is fitter being sane than mad."

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12. — *William Godwin ; His Friends and Contemporaries.* By C. KEGAN PAUL. With Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1876.

THIS has been called the Age of Biographies, and it is no bad qualification for an age, if it be well deserved. A good biography is a thoroughly good thing, and if properly done should surpass any but the best of novels in interest. A biographer does his work well in proportion as he possesses the gift or art of making his subject a living soul, clothed with human nature, flesh and blood, and of like pas-

sions as we ourselves, a personal identity whom we seem to have seen and known. It is the lack of this power that makes so many biographies dry and "fishionless" as the Scotch say, the subjects mere lay-figures on which to hang dry facts, without life or motion in themselves. Indeed, we incline to believe that a good biographer should have in him the making of a good romance-writer to the extent at least of being able to conceive vividly and to describe picturesquely the person and his adventures that he has to deal with. George Sand's *Histoire de ma Vie*, — at least all the early part of it, — and Lockhart's "Life of Scott," are instances in point. Open them where one may, it is as hard to lay them down till they are finished as it is to leave "Tom Jones," or "Sir Charles Grandison," or "Pride and Prejudice," or "Vanity Fair," or "Adam Bede" in the middle of the volume.

The life of William Godwin with which we have to do, though not exactly an example of the very highest style of biography, is very fairly well done, and affords sufficient materials out of which the reader can reconstruct a sufficiently lively image of a man once famous, but very imperfectly known to the present generation. Mr. Paul, the author, has all the industry, accuracy, and clear-sightedness which go to the making of a good biographer, but he has not the gift or art of which we have spoken, which makes the characters of the story breathe and move before us in their habit as they lived. He has however endeavored to make Godwin and those of his contemporaries with whom he deals describe themselves as far as possible, and his analyses and criticisms of what they do and say are generally well discriminated and illustrative of the narrative. The turn of his mind is evidently rather critical than observing, inclining to look at persons and facts subjectively rather than objectively, and thus to a certain extent to leave the impression on the minds of the readers of spectral appearances rather than realities of flesh and blood, as he marshals before them the procession of the men and women he has summoned from the abyss of the past. Still, his characters are less of abstractions, and more of entities than those of the herd of memoir-writers, and the readers of to-day owe him their thanks for the way in which he has done his work, even if it be conceivable that it might have been better done by a greater artist. We would say, however, while upon this point, that we could wish he had given more of his critical acumen and literary skill to an analysis and account of the works which made Godwin a famous author for so many years. It is too much perhaps to expect that novel-readers of the present day, when, on an average, a novel a day, Sundays included, gushes from the London press, to go back and read "St. Leon" and "Mandeville" and

"Fleetwood," or even "Caleb Williams" for themselves, though these works made so large a part of the romantic reading of their grandmothers. And very good reading they were too in their way, though it was not the way of the bigamous and murderous school that has come after them. This is shown by the editions they passed through and the length of time they held the novel-reading public, and it would have been well if Mr. Paul had dwelt longer upon them and given an outline of their plots and characters, of their literary merits and demerits. It would have given a more distinctive idea of the power and skill which Godwin undoubtedly possessed, and accounted for the reputation he had with his contemporaries, since what has survived to this day might seem hardly to demand so elaborate a work as this life. More attention is given to "Political Justice," the work which gave Godwin his chief weight with his generation, but even this might have been treated of in a manner to make the sensation it created better understood at this day. This is about all the fault we have to find with Mr. Paul's way of doing his work, the general result of which is well deserving of commendation and gratitude.

The life of Godwin, though interesting, as any human life ingeniously told must be, is mainly of a painful interest. It was a life of domestic and pecuniary troubles, of heavy griefs and disappointments, of maimed and imperfect successes, without the cheerfulness and elasticity of temperament which enable some fortunate natures to defy fate and fortune to make them miserable. He had not the support and comfort under his struggles and misfortunes which spirits touched to happier issues find in religious faith and hope. All that he had to oppose to calamity and sorrow was a stern stoical endurance of the inevitable, without repining or complaint,—a patience born of an iron will and an indomitable purpose. He was content with such repose of mind as atheism could afford; at least he sought no other, and lived and died in its shadow. He was not a Pantheist, in the modern acceptance of the term,—indeed, that form of faith had hardly developed itself at the time his opinions were formed,—but he was, in his own words, "an adorer of nature." He says in words worth quoting, "I should pine to death, if I did not live in the midst of so majestic a structure as I behold on every side. I am never weary of admiring and reverencing it. All that I see, the earth, the sea, the rivers, the trees, the clouds, animals, and, most of all, man, fill me with love and astonishment. My soul is full to bursting with the mystery of all this, and I love it the better for its mysteriousness. It is too wonderful for me; it is past finding out; but it is beyond measure delicious. This is what I call religion." It must be a very severe

religionist that would refuse to allow that such an infidel as this was at least not far from the kingdom of heaven.

The scepticism of Godwin was due partly to the free-thinking spirit which was so rife during the last century, and partly to the reaction from the extreme strictness of early training which has hurried so many able men into the same extreme. He was born in the year 1756, the son of a dissenting minister of the most rigid type of Calvinism. There was nothing in the domestic influences of his childhood to make religion lovely in his eyes. His father was a man of a narrow mind and imperfect education, though affectionate and well-meaning. The thunders of the law were what he loved most to dwell upon, and his ruling of his household was of the most rigid description. Of this Godwin gives this proof:—

“One Sunday, as I walked in the garden, I happened to take the cat in my arms. My father saw me and seriously reproved my levity, remarking that on the Lord’s day he was ashamed to observe me demeaning myself with such profaneness!”

His education in childhood and youth was conducted in this spirit of religious strictness. At eight years old he had read through both the Old and New Testaments, — an experience which doubtless had an excellent effect on his English style, whether or not it greatly redounded to his infant edification. One of his teachers initiated his youthful mind into the more advanced doctrines of Sandeman, “who, after Calvin had damned ninety-nine in a hundred of mankind, contrived a scheme for damning ninety-nine in a hundred of the followers of Calvin!” We trust that the keenness of this gospel must have abated in later times, as the gentle Faraday was a disciple of Sandeman, as well as an excellent gentleman formerly connected with the business affairs of the neighboring university, and to whose liberality she owes in a large measure the theatre in which her last Commencement was held, and which is dedicated to such services hereafter. The taint of the Sandemanian heresy was sufficient to procure Godwin’s rejection by the Dissenting College at Homerton, and his education was finished at the Hoxton Theological Seminary, over which Dr. Rees, of Cyclopædic memory, presided. Here the young neophyte encountered a very opposite heresy in Dr. Rees, who doubted the eternity of future punishment for anybody! The worthy divine, however, declined disseminating this doctrine, from fear of its effect on “the grosser mass of mankind.”

In 1777, when he was twenty-one years old, he began preaching as a dissenting minister, and was settled at Ware and Stow Market and at Beaconsfield. During the few years that he followed this profession

his mind was actively exercised in considering the dogmas he was expected to enforce, and gradually working himself clear of them. He halted for a while at Socinianism as a resting-place on his pilgrimage from Calvinism carried to the highest point to utter unbelief. Before he was thirty he had given up his ministry and fallen back upon his pen for his support. He wrote a *Life of Lord Chatham*, three novels long since foundered in the depths of oblivion, contributions to some of the periodicals of the day, and the historical portion of the *New Annual Register*. But his first fame as an author came with the publication, in 1793, of his work in two volumes on "*Political Justice*." This book made a profound impression at the time it appeared. The excitement in the general mind arising from the French Revolution was at its height, and this treatise, which was designed as the gospel of a new and improved state of society, came just at the time when men's minds were ready to receive it. Much of the doctrine of the book was not new at the time it appeared, some of its principles being derived from no less philosophical and orthodox sources than Hume and Jonathan Edwards, and its details have been worn to rags by radicalism of later date. But the ideas it contains and the opinions it maintains were never set forth in more lucid order or in more transparent phrase than by Godwin. Its success is shown by two unimpeachable proofs. Godwin was paid a thousand guineas by his bookseller, and the Privy Council deliberated as to the propriety of prosecuting the author. But Pitt, anticipating Cobbett's apophthegm, that "you can't make a fellow with a full belly a rebel," wisely decided that men who could afford to pay three guineas for a book against property would not be likely to try to carry out its principles. Besides the institution of property he attacked that of government resting upon force, even of one by a national assembly, which was then regarded as the perfection of political wisdom. Tests and church establishments, it is needless to say, met with small mercy at his hands, and marriage was denounced as "the worst of all laws." Godwin was a man of the coldest temperament and the strictest purity of life; and though even he could not state his doctrine in a way that is not revolting to a pure mind and just taste, there is no taint about it of the pruriency of the free-love arguments of the present day. It is pure reason, as he received it, pronouncing on an abstract point of conduct.

In 1794, at the time of what was called "*Pitt's Reign of Terror*," when Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke were to be tried for treason for discussing the question of parliamentary reform, Godwin came to the rescue of the constitutional right of free speech in a letter to

Lord Chief Justice Eyre on his charge to the grand jury and the law as to high treason therein laid down. This publication had great effect in instructing the minds of the middle class from which the juries were to be drawn, and prepared them to resist the sophistry and the tears of Sir John Scott, the attorney-general, afterwards Lord Eldon, and to yield to the resistless eloquence of Erskine. After his acquittal, Horne Tooke raised Godwin's hand to his lips, saying he could not do less to the hand that had saved his life. Had the accused parties been convicted, Godwin undoubtedly would have been indicted for sedition. His conduct at this crisis brought him into friendly relations with the leading spirits of the opposition in Parliament and out of it, such as Fox, Lord Lauderdale, Sheridan, Holcroft, the author of "*The Road to Ruin*," who had been one of the prisoners acquitted in 1794, Dr. Parr, Lord Holland, and others. He had previously been acquainted with Canning, when he was beginning life, and could count among his friends at one time and another many eminent persons, such as Professor Porson, Mackintosh, Ritson, the collector of ballads, who will live forever in Lockhart's "*Life of Scott*," and Etruria Wedgwood, who was a most liberal and generous friend to him in the pecuniary troubles which gathered about him in later life. Godwin was sensible to the charm of female beauty, and had strictly platonic friendships with several lovely women, notably with Mrs. Inchbald, who is described by Mrs. Shelley as singularly beautiful and attractive. Mary Robinson, better known as the Perdita of the Prince of Wales, another beautiful and fascinating fair one, was a friend and correspondent of Godwin's, who continued his acquaintance with her to her death. Though rigid in his own personal conduct as to women, his views as to the moral relations of men and women probably made him lenient as to those of the fair Perdita towards various admirers. Miss Alderson, afterwards Mrs. Opie, was another female friend, of a very different description, with whom Godwin was on intimate terms of intercourse and correspondence. One of his oddest friendships in his later life was one with Lady Caroline Lamb.

But the woman whose charms of person and mind gave to Godwin the greatest happiness he knew during his life, though too soon extinguished, was the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. The daughter of a profligate and spendthrift father, passing an unhappy youth with uncongenial and unkind sisters and brothers, forced to earn her bread as a governess, by writing books for children, and translating works from the French and German, she learned to think for herself, whatever may be thought of the result of her meditations. In 1791

was published her famous book, the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Very erroneous ideas prevail among those who have only heard its name as to its character. It would be regarded as lamentably behind the demands of the case by the advocates of the emancipation of women of our day. She made no demand for political equality with men, and treated the Christian religion and the institution of marriage with entire respect. Indeed, to judge from her letters, she was the furthest in the world from any tinge of free thinking up to this time at least. Her letters are marked with all the signs of evangelical or Calvinistic training and conviction. The book is a plea for the equality of the education of men and women. Not what is now claimed as the coeducation of men and women, or their education in the same seminaries, but that as much attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind and the strengthening of the faculties of the one sex as of the other. The extreme plainness of speech with which she set forth her doctrines perhaps had as much to do with the censures aimed at it as the doctrines themselves. The work was permeated, moreover, with the ideas as to the rights of men then agitating the mind of England by contagion from France, which helped to give it a worse name than its actual qualities called for.

Soon after this publication, Mary Wollstonecraft went to Paris to perfect herself in French, as well as in the hope that the prevailing Anglomania might help her to some advantageous position. She was in Paris during the Reign of Terror, and was exposed to many of the inconveniences and even dangers incident to strangers, during those fearful days. While there, under these circumstances, she made the acquaintance of Gilbert Imlay, an American citizen, a captain in the army of the Revolution, and residing in Paris apparently as the agent of some speculation in our waste lands. He was a man of ability and attractive manners, and Mary Wollstonecraft formed a sincere attachment to him. Godwin had not yet published his "Political Justice," and whether she had evolved his ideas on the subject of marriage from her own mind, or whether her affections were too strong for her principles, if they were of the Old World stamp, she lived with Imlay as his wife without the preliminary ceremony having been performed. There were legal difficulties in the way of a marriage between foreigners without exposing them to certain risks, she being a British subject, and war existing between the countries. And it is doubtful whether the marriage would have been regarded as valid in England. There is no question that she regarded herself as the wife of Imlay, and fully believed that he would remain a faith-

ful husband to her. But he proved unworthy of her love and constancy, and deserted her and her child, after her return to England in 1795. When this was beyond doubt, she attempted suicide by drowning, in an access of despairing insanity. Fortunately, she was reserved for a brief season of happiness. When she and Godwin met, it was not long before they came to an understanding, although he seems to have acted on Mrs. Malaprop's suggestion, and "begun with a little aversion" at their first meeting. This, however, was soon overcome, and they were married March 27, 1797, and in St. Pancras Church! Though they both thus sacrificed their abstract ideas to the concrete prejudices of mankind, they did not stoop to comply with the vulgar usages of married life so far as to live together in one house, at least as a general thing. Fearing that familiarity might breed contempt and aversion, Godwin took rooms about twenty doors off their common home in Somerstown, in which separate apartments he spent the chief of his day and often slept there at night. Little Fanny Imlay was, of course, received as the adopted child of the family, and was always regarded by Godwin as his daughter. But this was but a brief gleam of light thrown upon two lives which had been but too generally clouded by misfortune or sorrow. The next autumn Mrs. Godwin died, soon after the birth of Mary, afterwards the wife of Shelley. Godwin again yielded his abstract objections to religious observances, and permitted his wife to be buried according to the rites of the Church of England. One of his intimate friends, Tuthill by name, more consistently refused to assist at religious ceremonies of which he doubted the morality. All the rest of his friends, though, as he says, equally "averse of religious ceremonies," waived their scruples for the time. Poor Godwin was not physically equal to attend the funeral himself.

Profound and sincere as was the grief of Godwin at the loss of his wife, he was not indisposed to pay her the compliment which some dames declare they should esteem the highest their disconsolate husbands could pay to their memory, that of providing a successor in the least practicable delay. It was not much more than six months after Mary Godwin's death when we find her widower in pursuit of Miss Harriet Lee, one of the authors of the "*Canterbury Tales*," a collection which had its day when our grandmothers ransacked the circulating libraries, but which is probably now only remembered because one of them suggested the plot of the tragedy of *Werner* to Lord Byron. The courtship was carried on chiefly by correspondence, which resembled rather philosophical treatises than passionate love-letters on the part of the suitor. The lady was unpersuadable by

logic or philosophy, and she lived on in single blessedness, and so died at a very great age within not very many years. He next tried his fortune with Mrs. Reveley, a woman of great beauty and many attractions, who had had many adventures, all of them innocent, beginning in Constantinople, continued in Rome, and ending in London. She and her husband had been on intimate terms with Godwin for many years. After Mrs. Godwin's death this intimacy was interrupted by Mr. Reveley's most groundless jealousy. But on his sudden death on the 6th of July, 1799, Godwin lost no time in making his approaches to the fair widow, and offered her his hand and heart within a month from the time when she had followed her poor husband's body "like Niobe all tears." She was not to be won, however, by this sudden attack, and poor Godwin experienced another mortifying repulse. That this was not owing to any insuperable objection of the lady to the holy estate was proved by her marrying another man, Mr. Giesborne, within the year. This marriage was an entire surprise to Godwin, who knew nothing of it till it took place, and a great disappointment, as he still hoped that his suit might yet succeed. We think it possible that the lady may have chosen better for herself than if she had joined her fate to that of so crotchety a man as Godwin, but we are sure that she would have made his life much the happier by her sweet and gentle influences and by saving him from the fate that awaited him.

For having been twice rejected by women whom he sought, he was not long after captured by a woman who sought him. It was a handsome widow, Clairmont by name, who lived next door to him. She angled for him not in vain from her adjoining balcony, baiting her hook with the meat which, unhappily, his soul loved, and which he was gudgeon enough to snap at. "Is it possible," said she, "that I behold the immortal Godwin!" She saw and she conquered. In the next December, 1801, they were married.

It was a most unfortunate match. She brought her husband no dowry but two children of her former marriage, who added nothing to the harmony or the happiness of the family. She seems to have been a woman of little delicacy of feeling and small regard to truth, thoroughly selfish and indifferent to the happiness or improvement of her step-children, Mary Godwin and Fanny Imlay. What affections she had were monopolized by her own children, and all the attention given to accomplishments and education was bestowed on them, while Mary and Fanny were required to help in the drudgery of the household. Whatever education the future wife of Shelley enjoyed she gave to herself,—a fact not creditable to Godwin's pater-

nal affection nor to his regard for what he must have known would have been the wishes of the child's mother. Charles Clairmont, the son, received a good education by Godwin's means, and had a fair success in life. We shall speak of Jane, the daughter, presently. His wife not merely made Godwin's home unhappy to his children and uncomfortable to himself by her bad temper and coarseness of nature, but the direction given to his life by her activity and energy of character was a most unfortunate one. She persuaded him to become a bookseller in 1805, and the next seventeen years of his life were given to a business for which he had no taste or turn and his wife no experience or capacity. With occasional glimpses of prosperity, his business life was dark and disastrous in general, and ended in bankruptcy in 1822. Godwin had no reason to complain of his political friends, who on two occasions subscribed considerable sums for his relief, and Lord Grey provided for the old age of the veteran radical reformer of abuses by giving him the sinecure office of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer. Though this office was swept away by the besom of reform after 1832, the provision in some manner, which is not exactly explained by Mr. Paul, was continued to him by the Duke of Wellington, of all persons in the world, during his intercalary ministry of 1835, and by his successor, Lord Melbourne. It must have been arranged, we should imagine, by way of a retiring pension. Thus Godwin, like many another enthusiast for a new moral and political world, contradicted by his practice his most favorite theories. Opposed to marriage on principle, he was twice married, and by the rites of a religion which he disbelieved, and with the sanction of a Church Establishment he condemned as mischievous and immoral. Denouncing the corruptions of the State as well as of the Church, he died a sinecurist and a pensioner.

In 1811 Godwin made the acquaintance of the man whose genius has done more to make him known to posterity than anything that he did himself. Though his manners were cold and reserved, there was still something about him that was singularly attractive to young men, and to the end of his life the old philosopher had young disciples eager to sit at his feet. Shelley was drawn towards Godwin by his own young enthusiasm for truth and philanthropy, the redressing of wrongs, and the creation of society anew, and he wrote to ask for correspondence and acquaintanceship. Both were granted, and Shelley and his first wife visited the Godwins, and friendly relations were established between the families. At the beginning of their intercourse the Shelleys were apparently on ordinary terms of domestic happiness, while Mary Godwin was but fifteen and still regarded as a child. A couple of

years later, after the conjugal infelicities of the Shelleys had set in, Shelley paid a visit to the Godwins and found Mary a beautiful young woman of seventeen, with all the qualifications of temper and mind which were lacking to his first boyish entanglement. They were not long in falling in love, and pledged their troth sitting on the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft in St. Pancras Churchyard, whither Mary Godwin used to take her books to escape from the exactions of her unjust step-mother. Very briefly afterwards they eloped to the Continent, Jane Clairmont accompanying them in their flight. Godwin was much incensed at this reduction to practice of his own published doctrine as to marriage, and his wife pursued them to Calais, but to no purpose. Their wedding tour — if so it could be called where there was no wedding — was perhaps the most extraordinary ever taken, and was in keeping with the other odd concatenations of these unusual people. From Calais they went to Paris and thence proceeded on foot to Geneva. To lighten and vary their toils, they bought an ass, which they rode in turn, greatly to the diversion of the chance spectators of this remarkable procession. They lived together in Switzerland and afterwards in England, in defiance of "human ties," and Godwin accepted the relation as one not to be broken, if not to be defended, and he was on affectionate terms with them both. But when the fatal ending of Shelley's first matrimonial attempt came in the suicide of his wife Harriet Westbrook, Godwin insisted on a legal marriage being entered into, which was done in about six weeks after Shelley's tragical release from his marriage bonds. Mr. Paul affirms that however Shelley's desertion of his first wife may have been the indirect cause of her subsequent loose life, that her self-destruction was certainly not the immediate result of it. It was occasioned by the doors of her father's house being closed against her through the instigation of her sister. There can be no doubt, however, that this catastrophe, and the consideration of the misery he had largely if not entirely occasioned, must have visited so sensitive a nature as Shelley's with bitter remorse. The suicide of Harriet Shelley was preceded by another yet more sad, and one that came nearer to the life of Godwin. Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter, Fanny Imlay, who had taken the name of her step-father, put an end to her life by laudanum less than a month before the other catastrophe. No reason could be assigned for the act, excepting the effect of her learning the facts of her birth acting on a constitution subject to hereditary depression of spirits. It was a heavy blow to Godwin, to whom she was all that a daughter could be, affectionate, companionable, useful, and generally cheerful.

The Shelleys returned to Italy, and Jane Clairmont lived much

with them. She was not without her own private catastrophes, and it is tolerably plainly intimated, though not definitely stated, that she was the mother of Lord Byron's child Allegra, whose life and death are told in his *Life and Letters*. After the death of Shelley, Mary returned to England, and her occasional society was one of the comforts of Godwin's old age. She survived him fifteen years, dying in 1851. Most of his friends went before him to the grave, Coleridge and Charles Lamb among them. His son William, by his second marriage, died of the cholera in the year of that pestilence in England. His latter days would have been dark and sad from want as well as bereavement, had not his friends come to his relief with a subscription, and had he not received the help from government just mentioned. His temperament was not one to conciliate friendship, and yet he had many friends whose fame will help to carry his own to posterity. He was exacting and jealous in his friendships, and given to suspicion and misunderstandings, and yet his friends were not to be separated from him. There must have been a warm heart under a cold and not attractive manner, which made itself felt by those who were drawn within his sphere. The letters of Lamb and Coleridge would alone make these volumes a most acceptable accession to English literature. Old play-goers whose memory of our stage goes back for half a century will meet an old friend in these pages in the person of Thomas A. Cooper, who was for so many years the leading actor and only permanent star of the American theatre. Cooper was a protégé of Godwin's in the very beginning of his career, in his strolling days, and his letters may be read with interest as a picture of that phase of life. Cooper might have been a rich man, had he been able to take care of the large sums he received. In reading his letters to Godwin in his days of humiliation, it is curious to consider that his daughter should have married the son of a President of the United States, — John Tyler, the younger. We believe the old age of Cooper was provided for by some office connected with the Philadelphia custom-house, through this alliance.

The genuine interest we have felt in this excellent biography has led us perhaps to treat its subject at too great length. But the name of Godwin is associated too closely with the phases of thought and opinion of eighty years since, not to be always interesting to the student of moral and intellectual revolutions. That it would have been freshly remembered by a reading generation which has come into being since his death in 1836 we think is very doubtful, had it not been for two circumstances which have made it widely known to persons of average reading and information. His books are no longer

read, and he left no such permanent impression on the mind or the events of his time as to have extorted a place in all memories. We imagine that even "Caleb Williams," the most powerful of his works, is known at this day rather by its dramatization by Colman the younger, as "The Iron Chest," than by its own intrinsic merits. It still keeps the stage, and Sir Edward Mortimer, first brought on the scene by the elder Kean, and kept there by Macready and Booth and later tragedians, is commonly known to the general public as owing his being and his inspiration to the genius of Godwin. The other circumstance which will always keep an interest in Godwin alive is of course the everlasting identification of his name with the romance and the tragedy of the life and the death of Shelley. Though Mary Shelley might not have claimed

"The shelter from her sire of an immortal name,"

had she not shared in the immortality of her husband, we are inclined to believe that the immortality of Godwin's name will endure chiefly under the shelter of his daughter's, forever illuminated by the reflected glory of the fame of Shelley. Be that as it may, we are much indebted to Mr. Paul for thus reviving the memory of a man well meriting memory in a work which deserves the place in English literature which we are sure it will receive.

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13. — *Hospital Plans. Five Essays relating to the Construction, Organization, and Management of Hospitals, contributed by their Authors for the Use of the Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore.* Large 8vo. pp. 352. New York. 1875.

THE circumstances which called forth the essays upon hospital construction contained in this volume are probably not unknown to our readers. The late Johns Hopkins, a rich citizen of Baltimore, bequeathed to trustees in 1873 a fund amounting now to over three millions of dollars, intended mainly for the construction of a hospital for the relief of the indigent sick of the city of Baltimore, without distinction of age, sex, or color. In a most admirable letter to the trustees, which prefaces the present volume, the donor set forth his intentions. Of this letter, Dr. Folsom, one of the contributors to the collection of essays, says:—

"It evidences not only benevolence, but wisdom. It shows not only solicitude for the welfare of the poor and suffering, but a keen appreciation of their necessities, and discriminating skill in planning their relief. It is